The Art of Collecting the Common . . . . . By Jake Zeitlin

7 '43

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OF LITERATURE

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MICKEY ICARUS, 1943
by Walter Wanger

"MEDITERRANEAN ASSIGNMENT"
by Richard McMillan
Reviewed by Percival Knauth

"THIS MAN RIBBENTROP"
by Dr. Paul Schwarz
Reviewed by Richard R. Plant

"THEY SHALL NOT HAVE ME"
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Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

"REMEMBER GREECE"
by Dilys Powell
Reviewed by Alfred Werner

"SHADOWS AT NOON"
by Martin M. Goldsmith
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

GENERAL MONTGOMERY whose victorious sweep across the desert forms part of "Mediterranean Assignment." (See page 7)

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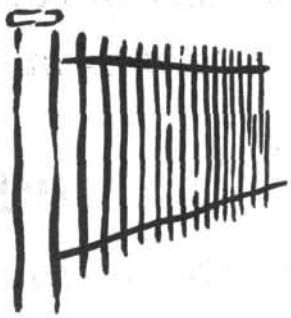

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N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Art of Collecting the Common

Hidden Treasures in the Things That Are Obviously Worthless

JAKE ZEITLIN

WHEN I was in the fourth grade my geography was just big enough to hide "Buffalo Bill's Adventures." My exasperated teacher must have thrown dozens of this ripsnortin' publication into the waste basket, along with copies of "Deadeye Dick and Nick Carter." She had no idea that some day collectors would be paying up to $300 a copy for such "trash."

After twenty years of chastening experience in dealing with rare books that were once all too common, I have learned to treat my ten-year-old son's reading matter with greater respect. Whatever I may think of the comics, I know that a set of *Superman* may well bring this heir of mine a middling fortune by the time he is my age. For it's the neglected, the despised, the overlooked trifle of today that is likely to become tomorrow's treasure. The common things that no one thought to save—these are the items diligently sought by collectors who undertake to reconstruct the past.

There is no more unforgettable illustration of this fact than the letters of Button Gwinnett. Gwinnett was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but he had precious little distinction beyond this, and no one thought it worth while to save his simple letters. As time went on, the Declaration became a well-known document and Gwinnett's letters became rare specimens. Then in 1925 Dr. A. S. W. Rosenberg, a wealthy Philadelphia collector, stated in a magazine article that he had paid as high as $14,000 for a Gwinnett letter. A New York woman, reading the article, remembered vaguely that her father had once owned a letter Gwinnett had written. She rummaged in her attic until she found it and promptly sold it for $28,500—the highest price in history for a single letter.

Instance after instance comes to mind where an item has been tossed aside, only to turn up later worth its weight in bonds. Who would ever have thought *The Saturday Evening Post* worth saving? Yet a complete set today will bring about $12,000, and there is none being hawked at that price. Even magazines started in our own time prove the carelessness and lack of foresight of the average person. The first twelve numbers of *The Reader's Digest*, now only twenty years old, bring as high as twenty-five dollars each. You must pay one dollar to six dollars for the next fifty numbers.

IF your grandfather had been foresighted enough to save copies of *The National Geographic Magazine* from the issuance of its first number, you could now count on the complete set of the periodical having a value of from $3,000 to $5,000, and if you had not dumped out the set of bound volumes of *Harper's Weekly* which may have cluttered the family attic for years, it would bring you more than enough to buy a set of new tires, even on today's black market. Lots of people saved *Godey's Ladies Books* because they had beautiful hand colored engravings but very few held on to their bound volumes of *Harper's Bazaar*. Those who did have possessions worth more than ten dollar gold banknotes of the same period. Costume designers pant for them and faint in the scramble when a run turns up. If your mother had plenty of storage space she may have kept all of the issues of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Bless her if she did, for you are holding a solid, as well as bulky, hedge against inflation. Somehow or other, things like the foregoing are too common to be kept by lovers of the precious. They seem too obviously everyday to save and so disappear except for the accident of oversight.

This old comic almanac has value today because most people thought it was too common to be worth saving.

Guided by the simple principle that common things become rare, there is no reason why the average intelligent person should not become a collector whose pastime would enrich his pocketbook and American culture as well. Of course, the task calls for imagination and judgment. The more ordinary the item, the more rare and valuable it is likely to become—*provided it has any significance to begin with.* Nothing but futility can come of the average amateur hoarder's practice of keeping indiscriminate autographs, souvenir spoons, street car transfers, match boxes, cigar bands, and animal figurines. To be of any earthly use in the future, items must reflect the living habits, the political, artistic, or scientific aspect of our own day.

One imaginative amateur collector I know is buying the toy soldiers, tanks, and tommy guns, fighting planes, and other wartime playthings sold at every five-and-ten. These toys are miniature replicas of the military ordnance of this war. Twenty years from now they will be very rare. The lead doughboys of 1917 are so scarce that I doubt whether a complete set could be found.

Dozens of items, including metal toys, are already disappearing before our very eyes, and their increasing rarity will speed up the process by

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which they become valuable. Various scrap and waste drives tempt people to throw away things indiscriminately. To counteract this tendency a committee has been formed with headquarters at the National Archives to keep priceless source material from being lost forever in the pulp mills. State committees have been set up to work with local historical societies and libraries. These committees will appraise any material sent them and pay express and scrap paper rates for the privilege.

The very circumstances of modern war, what with rationing and scarcities, should make people acutely aware of the importance of keeping the trivia of social change. During the last war only one person—an Army officer—was shrewd enough to collect the various posters that urged us to conserve food, buy bonds, enlist in the Army and Navy. Who is prepared to save U.S.O. and Red Cross and War Chest posters of today as a symbol of the greatest national effort made by any people in history? Some of the best war bond posters are done by local talent as a part of local drives. Won't these be left in the post office windows until they are forgotten through familiarity and then tossed aside? A poster announcing the death of Napoleon on St. Helena was placed in practically every taproom and tavern in England. Today I know of only one authenticated copy.

Back in 1936 I wrote of how a friend of mine had tried to arrange a flight from Los Angeles to Philadelphia and had found that he would have to give six weeks' notice, put up about $5000, and still have no assurance of getting there in two days. I pointed out how in the not distant future Manila would be three days from San Francisco and London fifteen or twenty hours from New York. The amazing growth of world plane traffic has already made the prophecies of that day seem ridiculously mild. And the developments of war time—with planes sure to circle the globe on regular schedule after the war is over—have proved my point far better than I could have known. For I urged that schedules, news stories, and advertisements of the aviation industry would be eminently worth saving for the future.

Even more remarkably has the war sharpened the value of automobile memorabilia. An automobile dealer of my acquaintance began in 1924 to collect the literature of one make of car. Is there another person who ever kept even one of those handsome catalogues with glossy colored pictures? This dealer could not have foreseen that the exigencies of war would one day stop American car production altogether. His collection of data was valuable even before this happened. It will increase in worth considerably as the new cars that come out after the war make the spiffy models of the early 1940's look like relics.

Science and war are changing the world about us, rapidly and surely. The records of yesterday's developments are usually neglected today and wanted tomorrow. Who will preserve the annals of the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific, the Pan American Airways, General Motors, or the Pacific Fruit Express? Has anyone kept the records of the Pierce Arrow and the Packard? The general store has almost gone. How will future economic historians tell the story of Piggly Wiggly, F. W. Woolworth, and J. C. Penny?

IT is only a matter of months since road maps were so common that we never bothered to keep them from summer to summer. Yet consider the careless disdain with which we treated these give-aways so skilfully prepared for our convenience. Few if any of us were thoughtful enough to gather them year after year, noting the changes in routing, the penetration of new areas.

Once I bought a folding map of the Overland Trail of '49 for twenty-five dollars. It turned out to be the only one in existence and I sold it for $750. In another instance I was able to realize $600 for a customer on an instruction book issued years ago to the drivers of Wells Fargo Express. Both these items had been as common as pig tracks in their day, and so it was only by fortunate accident that they survived at all.

These incidents do not mean that you can sell your Socony map of New Jersey and Delaware at an inflated price thirty years from now. But it does mean that there are items all around you, probably in your waste basket, which you should elect to preserve with wisdom and foresight. It's the insignia of change, the detailed record of what is going on all about you today, that will have value in the future. The papers of a South Dakota farm organization grappling with the complicated program of Government supervision may be of more importance than a casual refusal to have tea signed by President Roosevelt.

When the late unlamented Ham and Egg movement (Remember?) in California was about to fold, I rushed to headquarters and carted off two complete files of their papers—one for Stanford University and one for another eager customer. I had learned my lesson about the documents of movements that are publicly derided. For when Upton Sinclair ran for Governor of California, *The Epic News* had been placed weekly on my doorstep. Later I had a request from Stanford and from the New York Public Library for a complete file. But none of the hundreds of thousands of Californians (including Mr. Sinclair) had thought to save the sheet.

Henry R. Wagner, one of the great book collectors of America, was in Mexico during the Madero Revolution. Everyday a deluge of new political

This unidentified cartoon, circa 1836, is a collector's delight.

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pamphlets, broadsides, posters, and newspapers would appear on the streets. They would be read and thrown underfoot among the milling crowds. Each day he would go about picking up all he could find. If he was a day late, he often did not find a single copy of something of which 10,000 had been printed the day before. Later he found one other man who had gleaned a number of pieces he had not been able to get in time and he paid well for those. That material was included among the Mexican collection Wagner sold to Yale for $100,000. Yale is now probably the only place where most of that highly significant political and historical material may be found.

A few years ago the mails were flooded with the propaganda of foreign nations. Our postal service even delivered German propaganda designed to fill us with brotherly love toward subjects of the Reich. Also our mails carried inept Japanese puff sheets showing how Jap girls (in shorts) dearly loved American baseball—and so must be friendly. Most of this stuff was promptly tossed out with other household and office rubbish. Only a few wise souls saved an assortment of it for the benefit of the historians of the future.

Today a vast literature is being issued by the governments in exile of Czechoslovakia, Norway, Poland, Greece, Holland, and Free France. These may become the precious documents from which the intimate history of a great struggle against tyranny can be pieced together. The constitutions of tomorrow are being formed on newsprint and mimeograph paper and scattered under our feet.

For convenience, of course, such things as posters, pamphlets, circulars, schedules, post cards, menus, recipes, time tables, catalogues, prospectuses, telegraph blanks, circus programs, and the like are the best items for the novice to collect. But possibly you are interested in things rather than records. If so, and if you have the wit and the space, the world is your oyster. What is an antique, after all, but a common object that had the luck and stamina to survive? Today collectors pay as much for one peewee or chalky marble as I paid for a whole sack when I was a boy.

Some of the most valuable collections in the world comprise objects so cheap and ordinary in their day that no one thought of saving them. *The American Collector,* in a recent issue, showed an early American fireplace—complete with a pair of removable spit-irons, a three-legged sauce pot, a trivet, a sauce pan with a long wooden handle, a double broiling iron. These objects were assembled at great cost and displayed proudly. Fifty years from now the same magazine will probably show a painfully assembled collection of can-openers designed for the peculiar containers of our time and a collection of coffee-making equipment—including the silex, percolator, and aluminum drip pot—in use before the coffee rationing of 1942.

Take the kitchenware counter of the five-and-ten. The pieces sold there are esthetically more satisfying than anything produced for fifty years. They are as beautifully balanced as a Ming vase. And with the rapid development of plastics they are sure to be obsolete in a few years. Recently I saw a carefully planned and expensive exhibition of bottles, starting with primitive Egyptian water jars. None on display was more appealing than the modern perfume bottles, designed to increase the enchantment of Chanel #5 and Houbigant's Midnight Caress. I could not help wondering if some smart woman, through accident or design, was putting aside these modern vials for the future.

The largest costume company in the world has a collection of clothing representing the styles worn each year from the Revolutionary War up to the present. The collection enables them on a day's notice to outfit a complete cast in the authentic dress of any era. They also have an extensive collection of badges, including the official insignia of police force, cab drivers, porters, streetcar motormen, railroad conductors for many years back. Anyone who had made a hobby of collecting the badges of public service men in Paris or the other occupied cities could now be cashing in handsomely. Gloves and footwear are examples of wearing apparel which do not often survive. Designers outbid each other for them.

One rule the collector—and particularly the sudden enthusiast—must remember: Whatever is worth saving is worth preserving. I have never ceased to mourn for two Lincoln letters which an autograph hound had thrown away after carefully cutting off the signature. None of your cutting and pasting, framing, rebinding, or putting in albums! Keep a thing complete and care for it. If you don't value it enough for that, you can't expect others to value it at all.

Collecting is a pastime rich in its promise of reward. But it is a mistake to let avarice become the chief motive. Your collection should grow out of and follow your own genuine cultural interests. Otherwise the practice may degenerate into a species of aimless hoarding not far removed from kleptomania. You must plan your collection with intelligence and put it together with some pains and energy. If you do, you will find it one of the best ways of keeping yourself sensitive to the details of a changing world.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PRIZE WINNERS

Literature may not feature as many prize contests as Radio, but there have been several that are memorable. Briefly told here are what ten characters did in order to win rewards. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each character correctly named, and another 5 for the story in which he appears or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. By judicious bartering he acquired enough Sunday school tickets—awarded for memorizing verses—to win a Bible.

2. Clever maneuvering in the home stretch enabled him to win a chariot race, a crown of laurel, and 100,000 sestertii.

3. By winning two one-mile heats in a skating contest, this little Dutch girl won a beautiful pair of silver skates.

4. A queen won permanent possession of her child when she succeeded in guessing within three days the name of this dwarf.

5. By making the right choice of three jewel boxes, this Venetian fortune hunter won a wealthy heiress.

6. She won a big prize contest when it was discovered that she was the only girl in the country whose foot would fit the sample slipper owned by the management.

7. Despite his ignorance of the petty and artificial rules of a songfest, this young nobleman won it and got the town goldsmith's daughter as the prize.

8. After winning 40,000 scudi in a lottery gotten up to defend Livorno from Napoleon, this Italian butler left town in a procession that included a carriage for each of his eleven children.

9. In a contest to determine the most beautiful girl in America, she won the title but failed to get the newly elected President as the prize.

10. As a reward for doing the dance of the seven veils she was given the head of a religious prophet who had scorned her.

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Two Years of Mediterranean Warfare

MEDITERRANEAN ASSIGNMENT. By Richard McMillan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1943. 332 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

WHEN a correspondent has covered a battlefront for two years in a row, he has something to write about. Two years—over 700 days and nights—of watching men get killed, of sleeping in a tent, of eating field rations, of marching, flying, retreating, advancing, of seeing history written in blood on the Mediterranean's shores—that is what Richard McMillan writes of. His book falls into a familiar pattern, but by its very scope, not to mention its excellent writing, it is lifted far out of the run-of-the-mill-category of war correspondents' books and made unique.

For "Mediterranean Assignment" is, in effect, a history of World War II's Mediterranean campaigns. It starts with the battle of the Greeks against the Italians. It shifts to Libya with Wavell's first advance. It turns to Greece again with Britain's Balkan Expeditionary Force. And then it goes back to the desert, where campaign followed campaign, defeat succeeded victory until General Bernard Law Montgomery and his brilliant Eighth Army drove the Germans from El Alamein to disaster on Tunisia's shores.

That is a tall order for any book, and certainly for one correspondent. There are probably few newspapermen who have had such a continuous, long tour of duty in one theatre of war. But McMillan fulfills the order in brilliant and thoroughly readable fashion. This is the more remarkable because so much of the ground has been covered before in other war correspondent books. This fact should be no deterrent to any prospective reader. Richard McMillan's book is distinctly a must on any shelf of wartime books. I think it is one that will live for quite a while after this war is over.

One reason for this is that McMillan does not simply write a running account of what he saw happen. He has a wonderful chapter on General Montgomery, whom he deeply admires. In this chapter he speaks of Montgomery the man and what made him a soldier. He writes of the youth of this remarkable general, of how he followed unerringly his boyhood ambition to be a soldier, of how he hardened his body and trained his mind for his military tasks. It is one of the very best character portraits of General Montgomery that has yet come to my attention and it is drawn with care and a sense of objectivity that is not impaired by McMillan's admiration for the general and his works.

There is another chapter: "Alias Bill Bell." It is the story of a Greek girl, from Maxim's Night Club in Athens, and how she escaped from the Germans. She had fallen in love with an R.A.F. boy who was killed over Greece. Now she stood, weeping, in the lounge of the King George Hotel and begged McMillan to take her with him. He did. He and a few of his colleagues took her along, got her on board a transport by putting her in battle-dress complete with tin hat (they had to cut her red hair), and brought her to Crete. There she was able to escape to Egypt just before the Germans attacked. The story could be lifted out whole, just as it is, to stand as just a little chapter of war, insignificant in itself, but profoundly revealing of the madness and tragi-comic circumstances of war and defeat.

After the advance of El Alamein began, McMillan found time to think about men in battle. Looking over a knoll scattered with dead, he thought:

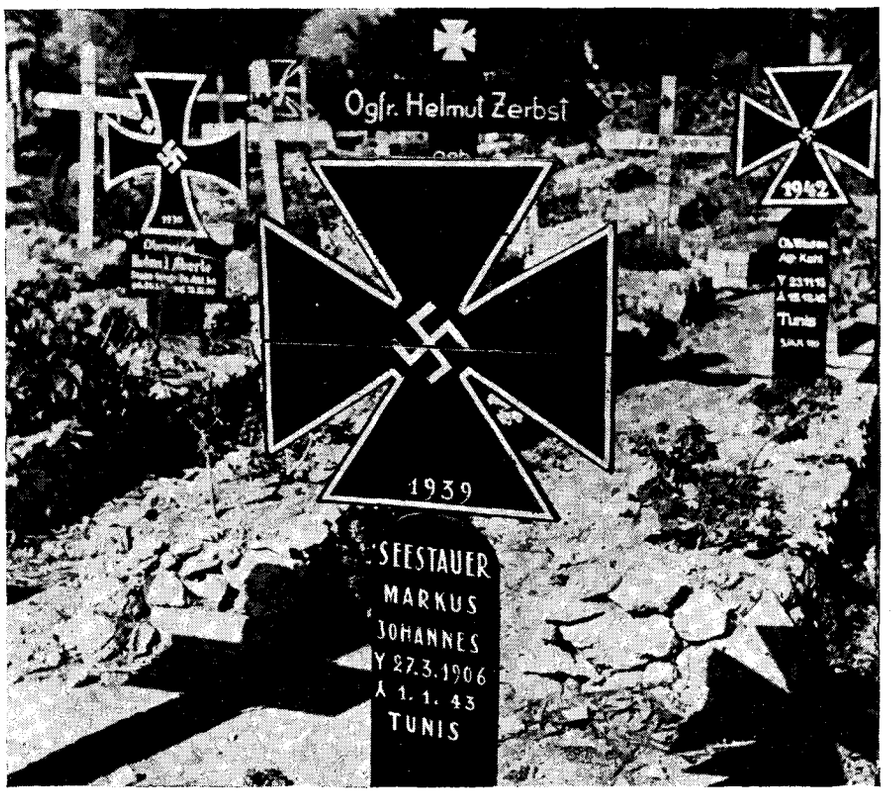
> Under fire, what occupies the mind? There is a feeling of intense fear, to begin with, which gradually tones down. The sight of men dead and dying on the field did not convey, to me, an impact of acute shock and horror. Yet if I see a man or woman injured by a bus in a city street I have immediate nausea. Involuntarily I turn away from gore.

I came upon a German 88-mm. battery. The gunners lay around, dead. Their bodies had been blackened by the African sun. They were bloated. They wore their tin hats. There was a horrible stench. But, while one felt revulsion, there was such battle excitement—for the Germans were shelling us, and the shots were falling very close—that one could look without a sense of deep horror. Battle undoubtedly brutalizes the finer senses and instincts.

The soldier—what does he think about and how does he feel in the supreme moment of the attack? One man who had just survived an attack by Panzers in which nearly all his battalion was wiped out, told me:

"I was thinking about my missus. My missus—and the lodger. I haven't heard from her for six months."

The human drama behind those words! The anxiety of the mind of the soldier facing death with the thought of betrayal, not on the battle-front, but on the hearth for which he is supposed to be fighting.



American soldiers found this graveyard for Nazi officers outside Tunis.

There is more of this, a confession of how the author felt under fire. It is very good, very human: "In the instant of mortal danger the reaction is: 'God, why should I be here! This is how I am to die!'" I have never been under the kind of fire that McMillan was in the desert, but from the first R.A.F. attacks on Berlin, light though they were, I know that feeling. "You are beyond human touch, or ken, or care."

Richard McMillan has written a fine, important, and valuable book. It is human, it is documentary. It should be on any list of the great books of this war.

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Champagne Salesman in Politics

THIS MAN RIBBENTROP: His Life and Times. By Dr. Paul Schwarz. New York: Julian Messner & Co. 1943. 298 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THIS is the inside report by a pre-Hitler career diplomat on the life and deeds of Joachim Ribbentrop, Nazi Minister of Foreign Affairs, former ambassador to London, arch-enemy of Bolshevism and signer of the Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact of August 23, 1939. It is the inside report of a professional diplomat of the good old German school on the doings of the unprofessional Nazi-diplomat of the new evil German school. In this fact are implicit all the merits and all the shortcomings of this biography by Dr. Paul Schwarz, until 1933 German Consul General in New York.

The book is surprisingly complete. Many old sources have been tapped. Ribbentrop's stay in Canada, where he worked at building bridges but nevertheless wangled his way into high society, his modest beginnings, and also his family background are told in full detail. There are scattered through the book many heretofore unknown details of the German diplomatic service under the Nazis; there are confidential letters from people employed in this service; there is so much hitherto unpublished material that this fact alone would give it value. But despite the documentary character of many a chapter, Dr. Schwarz manages admirably never to bore the reader. The "Life and Times" of Ribbentrop is filled with amusing stories, revealing details, and witty aphorisms.

Ribbentrop's "Big Time" started in June, 1935, when he brought home the German-Anglo naval agreement—regarded as one of Great Britain's greatest pre-war political blunders. The agreement meant failure for British diplomacy and it meant also the personal triumph of Ribbentrop who owed his success less to his own dexterity than to the short-sightedness of others.

The former wine salesman, who had made most of his money out of business transactions with so-called non-Aryans, now became the intimate of Adolf Hitler. He became a politician who liked to speak German with an English accent, who thought he knew the British because some of the Cliveden set invited him to hunting parties, and who hated the English with the hatred of an imposter for his model. Ribbentrop's career was thenceforth tied to all the betrayals, sell-outs, mass-slaughters, and blackmail campaigns of the Third Reich—to too varied and long a catalogue of evil to be enumerated here in detail. He had a hand in the remilitarization of the Rhineland, and in selling it to the English after it was an accomplished fact; he helped to bring about the Anti-Comintern pact with the Japanese; he became German ambassador to London, pulled there the Nazi stunt of the exchange of war veterans, and until the German armies marched into Austria tried to sell to the English the idea of a peaceloving, honest Fuehrer. It was Ribbentrop who arranged the wholesale move of South Tyroleans to Germany—and thus started the wholesale migrations of populations that mark the New (*sic*) Order. After the

Mr. Ribbentrop picks up some boxing pointers from Mr. Schmeling, who learned the hard way from Mr. Louis.

signing of the Russo-German pact, when the professional anti-bolshevist shook hands in front of the cameras of the whole world with Stalin and Molotoff, he was the intimate adviser of Hitler whose wilder intuitions he fostered. It was a bit later that Ribbentrop revealed his dilettanteism and his genuine lack of true statesmanship: for Ribbentrop, blinded by his hatred of the British, by his fundamental misunderstanding of the English people, was certain that England would never fight for Poland. But England did. The British, at the eleventh hour, stuck to their guns. For the first time the world awoke from the deadly inertia which the Swastika had spread.

At this point, Dr. Schwarz starts to develop his main theory: that Ribbentrop wasn't even a good diplomat for the Nazis, that he failed even in the accomplishment of the aims for which Nazi diplomacy should have been striving. For what Hitler really wanted to achieve—so maintains the author—was such an enormous superiority in armaments that no antagonism to the New Order was possible, and that he could seize whatever he wanted without resistance. Thus Ribbentrop's job should have been to keep peace at any price until Germany's armaments were finished. But he did not have the brains, the experience, and the finesse for it. He was too eager, too prejudiced, and too much of a parvenu to carry this job. Also Ribbentrop, like Hitler, was too vain. Neither of them could keep his mouth shut after a success. They had to scream into the microphones that they were blackmailers, and successful ones at that. Both needed the Nazi mob to testify to their toughness. Thus despite all the blindness of the Western powers, despite all the appeasements of the pre-war era, Ribbentrop was a failure. He had successes in spite of himself. He was a very commonplace playboy of extremely limited instinct.

One could perhaps answer this extremely interesting theory with the argument that only a commonplace playboy with the lowest instinct could work with the Nazis and be successful in the world of 1933-1938 which smelled slightly of putrefaction. Dr. Schwarz has a tendency to excuse the old "Wilhelmstrasse" diplomats who are working industriously for the Third Reich. And because he knows all the inside stories of the corps diplomatique, he is apt to overemphasize the importance of paperwork and to underestimate the tremendous economic and psychological trends which made the pre-war world possible. In his book world politics look a bit like a mere duel of Foreign Offices. While Rauschning's books indulge in an analysis of the demoniac forces of Nazism—which are made to look much too impressive—Dr. Schwarz's biography of Ribbentrop, his account of the political history in which his villain moves, has an inclination to overstress little personal details, to neglect the general tendencies which were working underneath the surface.

Yet perhaps this was exactly his intention. Perhaps he wanted to write a book on a Nazi without the pseudo-philosophical trimmings by which some anti-Nazi books make Nazism seem more interesting than it really is. Dr. Schwarz certainly does not try to make Ribbentrop more interesting than he is. He doesn't make him a figure of super-human size. He shows him for the ambitious adventurer he is, for the ruthless climber who will hitch his wagon to any rising star, for the cold-blooded grabber who will kill people to get his share of the booty—in short for the typical Nazi, typical even though he wears tails, knows "the best people," and speaks English.

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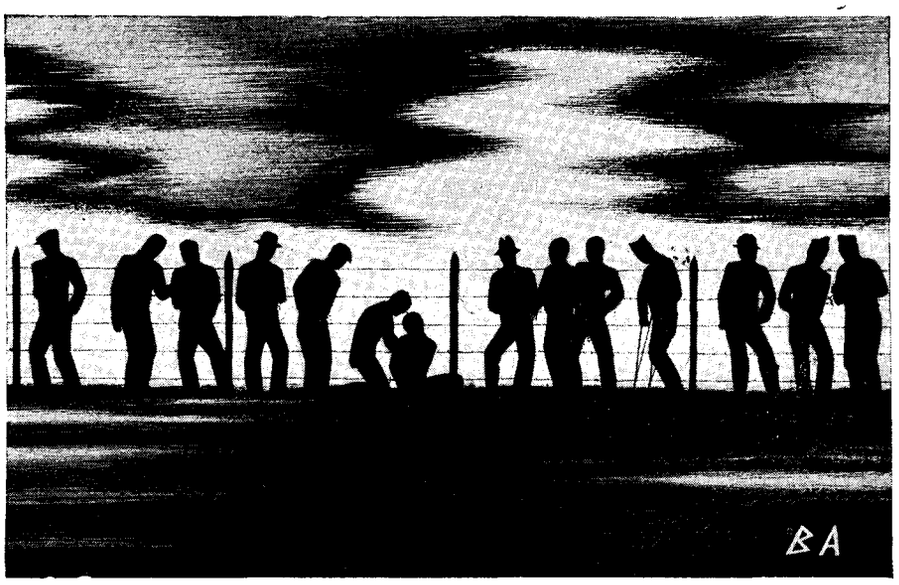

—*From "Scum of the Earth."*

The Hour of Escape

THEY SHALL NOT HAVE ME: The Capture, Forced Labor and Escape of a French Prisoner of War. By Jean Hélion. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1943. 436 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THE author of this detailed and moving document is a French painter. He feels with an artist's sensitivity. The comrades in captivity to whom he dedicates the book may feel less exquisitely, therefore suffer less cruelly. Even with this anesthetic margin of protection, how do any of them survive to sanity and health? Patriotism, the will to live and fight back, and the Gallic sense of humor hardly seem enough to explain the miracle. The treatment of Hitler's prisoners of war is so brutal and degrading that any slight alleviation of their condition is only a "new, cleverer means of oppression."

Jean Hélion spoke German. As he was shipped about various concentration camps and slave labor centers on farms and in towns, he was made interpreter and liaison agent for his fellow prisoners. Patriotic, compassionate, and unselfish, he worked resourcefully and unceasingly to make the Frenchmen's existence bearable. The black market, bribery, Nazi official corruption, food sent by his American wife—he used them all to better the lot of the prisoners. If a German insisted on having his palms greased out of French Red Cross supplies, it was Jean Hélion's share that was sacrificed.

He helped the captives outwit and plague their captors in subtle, baffling ways. They won over a savage dog sentry and taught him to bark at the Nazis. In saluting their officer slavedrivers, they managed to flip lice over to the uniforms of the supermen.

The slavedrivers he characterizes with memorable vividness, humor, and fairness. One was a Sultan manqué whose flock of houris got first and greedy choice of the prisoners' rations. Another was a ludicrous fat megalomaniac who, lining up the prisoners, went through their ranks viciously tweaking noses and kicking rears. A third was a quiet, earnest promoter of Nazi propaganda among the captives. "I would have liked to like him, and perhaps he would have liked to like me."

The Frenchmen lived for just one thing—escape. Jean Hélion managed to escape. His adventures as a fugitive make a heart-stopping and sensational story. For ingenuity, courage, and daring he deserves to stand high on the list of Allied heroes who have foiled the Gestapo.

"They Shall Not Have Me" paints a tragic and appalling picture of the Nazi blitzkrieg against France and the pitiful rout of the French army and the French populace. It offers a plausible and understanding explanation of French collaboration with the Nazis.

"One should not train an army for victory only," says the author, "instructions should be given for the reverse also. No one had any doctrine about what could be done in captivity by the captives for themselves and for their country." Certainly there was one thing Jean Hélion and his starved, ragged, lice-bitten fellow slaves were able to do without instruction. They vowed: "They shall not have me" and spiritually kept the vow. And Jean Hélion was not the only one to keep it physically.

Remember Greece

REMEMBER GREECE. By Dilys Powell. New York: Hastings House. 1943. 211 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

MRS. POWELL was the wife of the late director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, and she writes with full authority on Greece since she lived there from 1926 until the outbreak of the present war. She was visiting the idyllic, half-forgotten Greek island of Icaria near the Asia Minor coast when the alarming news of the Hitler-Stalin pact reached her. At first she hoped that the proprietor of the colorful little café who conveyed the ill tidings to her had made a mistake: that it was the Russians and the British who had signed a pact. No, he had been right, and the Greeks knew, it was the ghastly prelude to a war that would engulf them, too.

The first part of her book is an account of how the Italians and Germans waged war against hapless Greece which was subjected to all the horrors of Nazi invasion methods. The second part gives a brief account of the geography and history of the country which is approximately the size of England without Wales, and has a population of less than a seventh that of Great Britain. Mrs. Powell's enthusiastic descriptions of the landscape, her vivid pen-portraits of her Greek acquaintances, and her interpretations of Greek folklore and customs make pleasant reading. Equally interesting is her eyewitness account of the political gyrations that led to the dictatorship of General Metaxas, the "little Moltke" who was falsely accused of having been pro-German. The author is at her best when she relates episodes from Greek everyday-life, for she is inspired by that profound love for the Hellenes that has been a dominant feature of the British spirit ever since the days of Lord Byron. Regrettably, the vast and rich material is not assembled systematically nor in chronological order. Nevertheless, the book is valuable as the story of a brave people who, in the words of Pericles, chose "to die resisting, rather than to live submitting."

Curtis Brown, Ltd., and Doubleday, Doran & Co. announce the renewal for 1943 of the $400.00 prize offered by them for the best novel by an accredited student of any one of the writers' conferences throughout the country. Similar prizes have been offered by us in the past two years and Doubleday recently published "The Wind and The Rain" by Joyce Herner, 1943 prize winner.

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Dregs of Life

LILLY CRACKELL. By Caroline Slade. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1943. 609 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

SOME people are never given a chance. Despite the good qualities with which they may naturally be endowed, they are born into circumstances which make it impossible for them to lead a decent, reasonbly happy life. Desperately, courageously, they attempt to keep alive, to snatch at the few crumbs fallen from the table. But the odds are always hopelessly against them, and they are predestined to failure and misery. Our generation has had more than the normal quota of such unfortunates. In Poland, in Spain, in China, in India, and even in the rich countries like America, they have been born into a world which has no place for them. War, poverty, and disease take their toll while the more fortunate of us often turn away and try not to think too much about them.

Lilly Crackell was one of these people. She was born on Sand Hill, a barren bit of ground just outside a large American city. The hovel in which she spent most of her life had no plumbing, no heat, no floor, and only the odds and ends of furniture that charity would give. For Lilly was a perpetual charity case, a member of a family that had to be carried on the city's poor rolls for four generations. Yet she herself was beautiful, astonishingly good-natured, and the only thing she asked of life was to be allowed to have lots of children and be able to give them enough to eat. But beauty can be a dangerous thing for a poverty-stricken girl to possess; good nature makes for easy victimization; and children need fathers to support them.

Lilly became pregnant at fourteen; her life was to be an endless procession of children, most of them illegitimate. Yet she wanted babies, and even under the conditions in which she had to raise them she wanted them more than anything else. She was a good mother, a kind, honest, and truthful person, but her life is a horrifying record of what poverty can do to defeat a human being who, under different circumstances, might easily have been an adored wife, a happy mother, and a respected member of good society. But Lilly was never given the chance.

Mrs. Slade has written a beautiful book about her, a book which is mature, compassionate, understanding, and so movingly told that it can arouse both tears and anger. It is in the great tradition of such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Grapes of Wrath," and, although it will probably not receive the recognition awarded these celebrated works, in this reviewer's opinion, it is worthy of such praise. For here is a story, richly detailed and convincingly narrated, of the underside of American life.

Reading this book will be an education to most people. It takes courage to read it, and those who need to read it most will most need to find the courage to do so. But it states a problem that none of us can shrug away. And it is a problem we shall be hearing a lot more about in the future. One of the characters in the book who gets a good paying job in a war plant for the first time in his life puts it neatly. If he is put on relief again, he says, he will start a war of his own!

Child Prodigy

STARBUCK. By John Selby. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 370 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. ROBERTSON

BRANT STARBUCK is a musical genius. At thirteen he is a great pianist, able to pour into Bach and Schumann and Brahms the maturity and the passion they call for. This novel takes his life from there, into his studies with various masters, his triumphs on the concert stage, his meeting with the experiences of life: women, marriage, crises and disappointments, frustrations and resolutions. Mr. Selby has filled his story with a great deal of right and pertinent data on the artist's life, and it is a good story, but—. The but is almost predictable. The artist isn't there. Starbuck is no genius. If you've ever known anyone with even talent you see that at once.

Starbuck is presented as a vigorous, beautiful young man who is somehow gifted with an amazing flair for the piano and he moves right along exercising it, making music, like something you do with a part of yourself a part of the day, at the office from nine to three. But where is that inside of him which must have produced the music, made him what he is? Where is that particular kind of feeling and reacting which defines the temperament of the artist? Of course the creation of a character with that kind of temperament is one of the most exacting problems in writing, but Mr. Selby chose it deliberately and is accountable for his results. So we are left gaping on the outskirts of the crowd, as everybody in the book ohs and ahs and cries out over Starbuck, and we mutter under our breaths—not he, they have the wrong fellow.

Art and Sensibility

THE JOURNEY. By Robert Paul Smith. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 157 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. ROBERT PAUL SMITH is a sensitive and talented young writer who has gotten himself all wound up and ready to write a novel of search—the search men of talent must always make, for meaning, for themselves, for contact with earth. Mr. Smith hasn't written the novel. "The Journey" is just his winding-up process set down for us to watch. There is no story here at all, but merely a record of the writer's sensibility as it is touched upon by all sorts of things and people. Therefore, there is no point in reviewing the non-existent story; let us review the sensibility.

This is of course a kind of impertinence, which must be forgiven to critics as it is to children and naturals. Mr. Smith feels that artists are the best people and the only ones who matter very much, and he exhibits, therefore, a slighting disregard for all other kinds. He mentions them quickly and in passing, he catalogues them physically and mentally in the flattest way, he doesn't know them at all, so that, aside from himself and a girl whom he admires because she too is an artist, the book is peopled with flat cards in a heap, like the ones in "Through the Looking Glass." This is bad and can lead only to sterility. Laundresses don't live on taking in each other's washing, and artists don't develop out of painting each other. And what of distortion? People are not as simple, as dull, as flat, as uninteresting as the non-artists here seem to Mr. Smith.

Ideas suffer equally at his hands. He thrusts aside politics as a kind of stupid corruption—the war is a brutal and meaningless intrusion—philosophy is a snare to be avoided—people's talk is monkey-chatter, the artist leans in silent superiority against a wall. And emotion? Passion? These are exhibited as things that have happened. We are permitted to see the searcher after having loved, or lusted, but the writer does not wish, or dare, to show how these things happen, how they come, and what are their manifestations. He is enthusiastic about the artistic gesture—the way a player of pelota moves his arm, the way a flamenco singer performs, the way a piece of wood is sculpted. The book is fragmented with bits of good and perceptive writing—about what? About how wonderful it is to be an artist. All right, now be one.

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Martin M. Goldsmith

Bombing New York

SHADOWS AT NOON. By Martin M. Goldsmith. New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1943. 198 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WE have long been familiar with the fictional or dramatic pattern in which the writer employs some major or minor disaster—an earthquake, a flood, a revolution, the breakdown of a bus—in order to exhibit its effects upon a number of hitherto more or less unrelated lives and characters. How they respond to disaster, or its threat; how their life-directions are altered: these are the themes. The latest author to use this pattern and these themes is Martin M. Goldsmith, in "Shadows at Noon." His disaster is the first bombing of New York City. His story is what the raid did to a few men and women.

"They came out of the sun at about twelve o'clock, four or five of them." They came out of the sun and dropped their eggs, setting many buildings afire, reducing others to rubble, and taking some lives.

Just before the warning sirens sound, Jerry McLean, an improvident painter with a miraculous three hundred dollars in his pocket, is sitting in an I.R.T. local, studying his companions as pictorial material, and wondering how he is going to find his wife, Sandra, whom he has deserted three years before. Mr. Kenneth Fanning, builder, responsible for the faulty girders that caused the collapse of Uptown Towers, and intent on flight from a possible criminal indictment, is prodding a leisurely and tuneful taxi driver towards the Penn Station. In a dingy top-floor flat, Caesar D'Angelino, bartender, is waking his beloved bedfellow, Peggy, night club hoofer, to remind her that it's their wedding day. And, in a pleasant apartment, Dr. Henry Walsh is making careful preparations for the merciful killing of his son, Sylvan, a brilliant young concert pianist, whose career has been cut short by partial paralysis resulting from the accident at Uptown Towers.

Shuttling back and forth among these four sets of characters, and finally binding them together loosely with connecting threads, Mr. Goldsmith follows their actions and their fortunes during the progress of the raid. That is his story, and to outline it here would be to do no service to a plot that depends (whether successfully or unsuccessfully is beside the point) upon the elements of gradual revelation and surprise. Our present business is only with its kind and value.

It is a cleverly contrived story, but both cleverness and contrivance are too obvious. The only human and affecting elements in this brief novel are supplied by Caesar and Peggy. They are real: we can believe in them, feel with them. It is they who make us believe in the raid itself. Jerry's story, however promising, is unmoving at the last, because our interest in Jerry and Sandra has not been sufficiently aroused. Kenneth Fanning is a puppet, manufactured to go through certain paces; while the drama of Dr. Walsh and his son is vitiated by a double climax that is doubly hackneyed.

But these judgments are made, it is hoped, on a literary level. On another level, where a book is required only to entertain or excite for an hour or so, "Shadows at Noon" may be heartily recommended.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 11

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 11 *will be found in the next issue.*

POPLS ALPEC DEX XGFEJESB KEB KNB JNBQNRTPB, EXJ NC NB ETFESB WMJEB FKG FLNCPB CKP YNGALERKS.— GBQEL FNTJP—"CKP QLNCNQ EB ELCNBC."

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 10

A SINGLE MAN HAS NOT NEARLY THE VALUE HE WOULD HAVE IN A STATE OF UNION. HE IS AN INCOMPLETE ANIMAL. HE RESEMBLES THE ODD HALF OF A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN— LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN.

Francis Hackett

Merry Go-Round

THE SENATOR'S LAST NIGHT. By Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by L. R. NATHAN

ONE use for the novel, and a very good one too, is to let it carry a full cargo of social and political opinion, let it be a long and variegated essay. Instead, for example, of writing a book-length article on wartime Washington and the people in it, you can dress your material up in the lighter garments of fiction and let it walk around under its own steam. This is what Mr. Hackett has done. He has gotten off his chest a great deal of opinion and wisdom and fury and prophecy about our country at war, and the peace it faces, all centered about Washington.

It is done in light and luminous talk. We see Senators and flyers, judges, columnists, and dowagers, career men and career makers, all talking with a clear understanding of what they mean, theirs by the grace of Francis Hackett. If Mr. Hackett seems to be leaping about behind the masks, speaking through them, we do not mind at all, for they could not be as articulate as he, certainly not as entertaining. For fictional device we have a day in the life of Senator John Copley, his last day, as it happens. He is a white-thatched, handsome, yea-saying pirate in love and politics, and we do get a great deal of his essence in this one full day. The thing is skilfully done, every person in the story coming on, obliquely, to contribute one more panel to make the Senator's portrait. But the talk is the best, the long and rich arguments on government, ideologies, the conduct of the war, the powers that are lunging to control the peace. This is Mr. Hackett's say as he knows how to say it.

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WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WE youngsters at the turn of the century were not among Billy Phelps's earliest students, but we came near to that distinction. When, in my first graduate year at Yale, I took his Elizabethan Dramatists course, he was an excellent teacher and lecturer, better than later when he began to dilute with too much spontaneous anecdote. Afterwards, I was a member of his overgrown seminar in the Metaphysical Poets of the Seventeenth Century, a course in which we read far beyond the assignments, and became a little metaphysical ourselves. This course ended with a dinner to which everyone contributed something in the seventeenth-century manner, either verse or prose. We were not very scholarly, but there was an extraordinary transference of enthusiasm from Billy to us. I have encountered those sparks he generated still glowing in middle-aged men who looked and acted otherwise, like one of Browning's clods. And more sensitive minds were warmed with an understanding that the making of literature, and even the reading of literature, was a life.

Those who knew Billy in his later years, as a critic of decidedly conservative tendencies, do not realize that he began as an adventurer and a radical. He was the first, I think, to go beyond Shakespeare to the riches of the other dramatists of that great period of English literature and make them vital, assimilable by the undergraduate in general. The intensively figurative lyric poetry of the seventeenth century, which has been so powerful in its influence upon our generation of poets, was entirely unknown to the layman student until he set us to reading it by the hundreds. And, except for Howells, he was the first successful celebrator here of the great Russian novel.

Billy Phelps was not a scholar in the strict sense, though he was widely read; he was too good-natured to be a critic of the first water. But he was a great, I think a very great, teacher. Like Paul, he preached to the Gentiles as well as to the elect, by which I mean that he thought of great literature as all men's need, and was as earnest in stirring up sparks of interest in an unesthetic football captain as in lighting fires that were to burn brightly in such a fine intellectual as the late Stuart P. Sherman, who, when he was an undergraduate at Amherst, heard him as a visiting lecturer, and then and there determined that literature should be his career. What Billy did for me, he did for many. He made English literature, which was already in danger of becoming, like Latin and Greek in those days, a *corpus* for the discipline of grammar or allusion, alive, contemporary, essential. He was the best antidote for the current materialisms of his day, the best defender of the humanities against the triumphs of science, because—naively perhaps—it never occurred to him that anything so much a part of humanity's salvation needed defense. He was not profound, yet, in his prime, he was a kind of elemental force, which brought to life what it touched.

Of course, his personality had much to do with his success. He was an utterly American type, in which everything but vanity and ambition was in extreme. His buoyancy was as much physical as mental, his optimism undefeatable, his courage great. He made the worst puns I have ever heard, and was friendly with more people than anyone else in his era. He abstained from college politics, but there was no good man whom he did not at some time back for advancement. You had to take him all, the tender and the thick-skinned, the noble and the commonplace, the perceptive and the unperceptive; and soon you learned to love it all and him; for he was not a formula, or a point of view, or a philosophy, but himself and unique.

H. S. C.

Book Review

By David Ross

THE sum of him is not here
To tell his measure.
The volume of his stature
Goes unpublished.
What's here and comes to press
Is what's abridged of him.
What's here is ebb
And not the flooding brim
Of his nature.

My ear cocked to his book
As to a shell,
Reports no personal sea.
I wait for gulls and the spread majesty
Of his private albatross,
And dolphin-dappled meadows;
Yet what's here and comes to press
Is rumor of their shadows.

He is by nature, rivers;
He floods through no persuasion
Of the lunar clock,
But by the blood's compulsion
Breathe his daily tides.
Yet the sum of his waters,
The torrents, the spume,
The pulse of his currents
Are not in his book.

What gaping funnel
Gulps his fathoms
Down to drought's level?

What lurking evil
Siphons the blood
And drags his tides away?

What leeching mouth
Sucks up its prey
From the arterial sea?

So much of him
By mesh of mouths sucked out,
To put the sum of all his flood to rout.

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Henrik Pontoppidan

SIR: The heroic resistance of the Danes to Nazism throws a bold light on the death a few days ago of Henrik Pontoppidan, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1917. Pontoppidan died at his home in Charlottenburg, Denmark, just as fighting had broken out between the German conquerors and the "passionless Danish folk with the pale eyes and the timid soul" he had portrayed so faithfully in countless novels and short stories. He had even predicted, a half-century ago, what was to happen in the bleak spring of 1940—the invasion of the hapless kingdom of Denmark:

> Thus it had always been in Denmark. One generation after the other grew up, red-cheeked and clear-eyed, free-minded and strong; and one generation after the other has sunk into the grave, broken, bent, always vanquished. It is as if some hidden disease consumed the strength of the nation, sucked out the marrow of its best youth, and exposed the country as a booty to the lust of foreign conquest. "Lucky Per."

Perhaps this statement looks a bit defeatist now, considering the heroic defiance of Nazism shown by the four million Danes in the last few years. Actually, Pontoppidan's many adversaries charged him with having indulged in cruel, exaggerated pessimism, while his equally numerous followers retorted by saying that the author simply saw things as they are, not as he wished them to be. In any event, he was Denmark's greatest representative of Naturalism and Realism, an antidote to his over-sentimental contemporaries and compatriots, Herman Bang and Peter Nansen. He was frequently compared with the sceptic, Henrik Ibsen, and his own creation, the unhappy clergyman, Emanuel Hansted ("The Promised Land"), was often called a "Prose Brand" since he, too, is an idealist struggling against a materialist world. Per Sidenius, the hero of "Lucky Per" (the title is, of course, ironic) whose great engineering plans and superhuman ideals fail to be realized, is another specimen of Pontoppidan's large gallery of Danish "misfits": "It is no use being hatched from the egg of an eagle if one is brought up in a poultry yard."

Judging by Pontoppidan's writings, little Denmark must have been such a depressing poultry yard in the past century, which was started and also concluded with the country's surrender to Prussian arms. He seems to have covered the whole of the country, its peasants stubbornly defending their newly gained civil liberties no less than the world of the Lutheran clergy or that of the Jewish bourgeois families in Copenhagen. "If one were to ask from which Danish writer is to be obtained the truest and most comprehensive idea of Danish ways of living, feeling, and thinking, of the outlook of representative people in Denmark in the last generation, of country as well as town, there is hardly any doubt that the answer would be: from Pontoppidan," wrote George Brandes, who was his mentor and who is portrayed as Dr. Nathan in "Lucky Per."

I am somewhat surprised to notice that very few of Pontoppidan's books are available in English translation, and that he is comparatively little known in this country, while he was widely read and strongly admired by the German reading public. His healthy antipathy to feminine sentimentality, his hope for the ultimate triumph of scientific materialism over "poetry" (in his contempt for "art" he resembled Count Tolstoy), his fight for educational progress and for freedom from hypocrisy ought to appeal strongly to the Yankee mentality. Moreover, he was a superb story-teller, and among his short tales are genuine masterpieces. Since the only Danish writers widely known in this country are Hans Christian Andersen, the teller of fairy tales, and George Brandes, the critic and historian, the publication of an American Pontoppidan Omnibus might give the Americans a chance of discovering another, little known feature in the stern, though amiable, face of their Danish allies.

ALFRED WERNER.
New York, N. Y.

"We think this gang has been working together for some time!"

"They Also Ran"

SIR: Apropos William Allen White's review of Irving Stone's "They Also Ran." In his comments, Mr. White merely lists Samuel J. Tilden without saying anything about the campaign of 1876 and its outcome. To many this was the most significant defeat in the history of American politics. The reviewer remarks:

> For it is obvious that in choosing between these unsuccessful candidates and their successful rivals, the American people have chosen well.

It is very doubtful that this remark will hold good as to the Hayes-Tilden election. I do not refer to the election contest which has certainly given the subject of full treatment but to the fact that the man who helped to expose Tweed and was wholly instrumental in breaking up the New York Canal Ring was very much needed in Washington at the close of the Grant administration.

GEO. J. MURPHY.
Miles City, Mont.

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TRADE Winds

ROUND-UP OF LOOSE ENDS WEEK

MY RECENT COLUMN about George Gershwin brought a number of additional anecdotes about him by mail and phone. . . . Neysa McMein remembered the dinner party at the Kaufmans' when Gershwin, Irving Berlin, and Cole Porter were present. As the last course was being served, Kaufman called for silence, and said, "When I ring the bell, all composers present can make a running dive for the piano. The one who gets there first can play his own pieces for the next thirty minutes." Gershwin offered to give the others a five-step handicap. . . . George Marek remembered the story of the exchange of cables between Gershwin and Stravinsky. "How much will you charge me to come over and give me lessons in orchestration?" cabled George. "How much do you make a year?" answered Stravinsky. "A hundred thousand dollars," cabled George. There was a silence of several days, and then this cable arrived from Stravinsky: "How about your giving *me* lessons?" . . .

WHEN I CREDITED the authorship of "Joseph Vance" to Henry instead of William De Morgan, I loosed a storm of protest that bespoke the esteem in which this book still is held by many people. This is the kind of mistake a columnist can make only Vance in a Lifetime. . . . I am obliged, too, for several reminders that "We wanted Li Wing but we winged Willie Wong: A sad but excusable slip of the Tong" was originated by Keith Preston. . . . A month before "Oklahoma" opened, I wrote a paragraph about the rollicking Rodgers score, and predicted that "People Will Say We're in Love" and "Boys and Girls" would be the outstanding song-hits. So what happened? "People Will Say" was Number Three on the Hit Parade last week, but the "Boys and Girls" number could not be spotted effectively in the out-of-town try-outs and was dropped before the show opened in New York. It remains one of Dick Rodgers's loveliest melodies, and I'm pleased to hear that Judy Garland is going to sing it in M-G-M's film version of "Meet Me in Saint Louis." . . . "Oklahoma" is the biggest musical hit New York has had in years. The profits exceed eight thousand dollars a week, and when the road company gets under way this fall, that figure will be increased by another three or four thousand. Musical comedies remain a hazardous investment, however. Not one in three ever pays back the original production costs. . . .

PERCY WAXMAN'S inquiry about the origin of the expression "the goose hangs high" has brought forth a bewildering variety of explanations. Most correspondents agree that the original phrase was "the goose *honks* high," but D. A. Cameron of Little, Brown, and Hendrik Van Loon have very different theories. Writes Mr. Cameron (who should be taken with a grain of salt):

> Percy Waxman's plight is perfectly understandable, for he is not to be blamed for not remembering having seen a reprint in some anthology or other of an article taken from the April, 1774, issue of *The New Gentlemen's Magazine,* London.
>
> In that issue, in an article written by Sir Harry Walton in an answer to an attack on him by Hugh Craigie (see "London Laertes," a wickedly satirical piece in the same journal, I think, two issues before), the phrase, "The goose hangs high," was erroneously set and passed the proofreader as "The goose *whangs* high."
>
> Sir Harry, as with the case of other literary lightweights before and after him, began his career as a fawning sycophant to the members of The Club. Out of rancor, it is said, stemming from the rebuffs of that illustrious group, Sir Harry spent most of his time seeking space in the critical journals of the period to lambaste Samuel Johnson *et al.*
>
> As far as can be determined, the error was first noted by none other than S. J. himself. Although it is not known to whom he first made the witticism, it is known that he said, "I see that Sir Harry, the Goose, at least whangs high."
>
> A whang in eighteenth-century nautical terminology, and indeed until the Admiralty dropped the word in its Seaman's Manual in 1858 after the Crimean War, was the term used to describe the last act of a ship's captain before abandoning his deck. A skipper who "whanged high" was one who waited, in the best tradition of His Majesty's Navy, until the very topmost part of his ship was ready to plunge beneath the waves before actually leaving the ship.
>
> Sir Harry's article was a feeble answer at best to Hugh Craigie's essay which had made the hapless essayist and poet the butt of many jokes in intellectual circles.
>
> Dr. Johnson's apt use of a proofreader's error is said to have ended Walton's writing career.

—*H. Glintenkamp*

Hendrik Van Loon's letter follows. (That he has not yet quite forgiven me for the tale of the pill bottles that I pinned on him is evidenced by the fact that his note is embellished by not a single pen sketch.)

> As an uncomfortably faithful reader of your column I have just come across Percy Waxman's inquiry about the goose which hangs high. I think I can help the est. associate editor of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* out and show my erudition. There was a charming medieval game in my native land (and from there it undoubtedly traveled across the North Sea to the island of Percy's ancestors) and it was called "Hitting the Goose." A goose was hung down from the ceiling. Alive, of course, for that was in the days before the SPCA. Then the young men of the community were blindfolded and were given a stick and were twirled around until they lost their direction and were told to hit at the goose. The one who succeeded in killing the goose was allowed to keep it. It sounds weird but when I myself was young (and that was a reasonably short time ago but I keep in such excellent condition by never taking a pill or a powder) some such game but played with an eel as the victim was still practised in Amsterdam. When the government decided to suppress it, the police and the army had to be called out to make an end to the riots which followed in the wake of this interference with the common man's pleasures and quite a number of people were killed. Also, if I am not mistaken, you will find a picture of Hitting the Goose in a varied form in Brueghel's picture of early sixteenth century games. I have seen engravings of it too, and I hope this information brings Percy a quiet night's sleep for I think that I have solved his mental worries about whanging gooses. . . .

CASS CANFIELD, on leave of absence for the past fifteen months to the Office of Economic Warfare, has resumed his activities as president of Harper's. . . . Georges Duplaix, whose creative genius has sparked the phenomenal growth of the Artists and Writers Guild in recent years (he supervised the manufacture of every one of the Walt Disney books for a variety of publishers, and produced the Tall Mother Goose and the Little Golden Library) has resigned his post to become Graphic Arts director for Simon and Schuster. He also will be a handy man to have around if S. and S.

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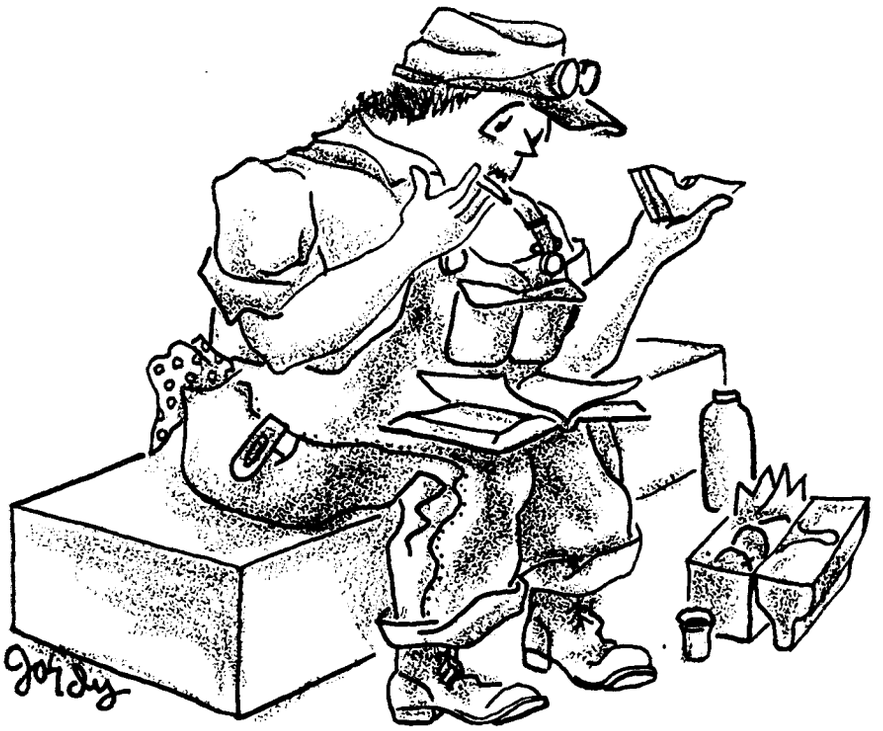

"But of course a tolerance of 1/16 inch would never be permitted for mechanical parts. . . ."

ever feel like cracking the ten-cent-chain store market. . . . The entire publishing world will mourn the passing of Billy Phelps. . . . Harold Stearns also died last week. Few men in letters had greater natural talents, nor squandered them more prodigally. . . . Green and Brodie, who have handled Viking's advertising for years, have added the Reynal and Hitchcock account to their portfolio. . . . Ernst Reichl is leaving Wolff to become Director of Typography for the advertising agency of Foote, Cone and Belding (successors to Lord and Thomas). Ernst still expects to design an occasional book on the side. . . .

THIS SUMMER, Saratoga's traditional midsummer racing season was transferred to Belmont Park in Long Island, and one Saturday afternoon your correspondent found himself seated in a box, watching some very beautiful horses race, and being bored to a farethee-well. A bejeweled old battle-axe in the adjoining box turned out to be the redeeming feature of the occasion. "What are all those things in the air over there?" she asked me, pointing to a number of captive barrage balloons that guard a nearby defense plant. I explained that the balloons were intended to keep attacking planes at a very high altitude. "Wasn't it thoughtful of the officials," she purred, "to protect us all this way while we're at the races!" . . . A little later I heard her announce to her two female companions: "Girls, I've just been doing a little figuring. Do you realize that, between the three of us here, we've had *sixteen* husbands!!" . . .

AN ANONYMOUS MINION of the OWI explains, "Miss Mitchell thought we could pull her Chetniks out of the fire." . . . Latest Goldwyn stories: Mr. Goldwyn confided a deep trade secret to a visiting New Yorker. "Promise me," he commanded, "that you will keep this under your belt." A friend named his new-born son William. "Why William?" protested Mr. G. "Every Tom, Dick, and Harry is named William!" . . . One of the funniest lines in the rousing film version of "This Is the Army" comes when a group of privates is passing judgment on a proverbial hardboiled sergeant. "That guy," announces one PFC, "wasn't born. He was issued!" . . . Overheard in a theatre lobby: "Saroyan isn't his real name, you know; it's a pseudonym. Saroyan is 'NATURE' spelled backwards!" . . . Suggested sub-title for "Equinox": "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." . . . A Macmillan salesman is wowing the trade with "Have I ever told you about my 'Combined Operations'?" . . . A Macy clerk saw a customer doubled with laughter over Louise Pierson's "Roughly Speaking." Asked if he wanted to buy a copy, he replied, "Hell, no; I'm her first husband!" . . .

MRS. RABINOWITZ was complaining to a friend about her husband Tyrone's prodigious appetite. "Last night we had chicken," she confided. "Tyrone ate the breast, the back, both legs, and even the neck." "My goodness," said her friend, "what did you eat?" "Me?", sighed Mrs. Rabinowitz, "I came in on a wing and a prayer!"

BENNETT CERF.

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America's Homespun Musical Genius

THE STORY OF GEORGE GERSHWIN. By David Ewen. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1943. 211 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BENNETT CERF

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S story—the poor boy from the East Side who achieved fame and riches, the homespun genius who lived to see the world ringing with his praises—is the kind that cannot be told too often. It is a formula that America loves, and when the hero is as appealing a character as Gershwin, the tale takes on added warmth and lustre. David Ewen's book, therefore, is a pleasant and workmanlike addition to the early Fall lists, although, truth to tell, it adds little to the familiar biography by Isaac Goldberg (Simon and Schuster, 1931) and the collection of pieces about Gershwin written by his closest friends and published in book form by Merle Armitage in 1938 (Longmans, Green). The author, in fact, generously admits that he derived much of his material from these sources.

Mr. Ewen has devised the neat trick of naming chapters of his biography after familiar Gershwin melodies. The story of his boyhood in lower New York, for instance, is labelled "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise"; the introduction of the famous Rhapsody by Whiteman's band in 1924 is called "S' Wonderful"; the account of his untimely death at the age of 39, "My Man's Gone Now." A highlight of the book is the vivid description of Tin Pan Alley when it extended from Fifth to Sixth Avenue on 28th Street. Here the once potent house by Broder and Schlam opened its offices in 1898, to be followed by Witmark and Sons (publishers for Victor Herbert and Ernest R. Ball), Charles K. Harris (author of such heart-rending ballad successes as "After the Ball" and "Break the News to Mother") and Harry Von Tilzer, Leo Feist, and other beacon lights of the songwriting fraternity. Here, in 1913, came George Gershwin, to serve as staff pianist for the bustling house of Jerome Remick and Company.

While serving his apprenticeship, George met Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Sigmund Romberg, and other composers who had made their mark a few years before. Mr. Ewen tells some interesting anecdotes about these meetings. All of them emphasize the fact that George knew from the first exactly what he was after. The kind of music he meant to write would express the American mood and temper. It would not be a pallid imitation of continental compositions, but something new, alive, and different. Years later Samuel Chotzinoff wrote "Gershwin's music is the American present—with all its audacity, impertinence, its feverish delight."

I found only two statements in Mr. Ewen's friendly discourse that brought me up short. On page seventy he remarks that in 1929, "sixteen million share days were an every-day occurrence in Wall Street." The fact of the matter is that there was only one such day of that sort—and a lucky thing, too, for that one session wiped out the paper profits and original stakes of millions of speculators, and turned an army of "mastermind investors" into a demoralized herd of closely shorn sheep. On page 113, Mr. Ewen assures us that "George Gershwin" remained modest and unassuming, despite fame and fortune, more critical of himself and his music than even his severest critics." It is quite true that George knew well how to appraise himself and his music, but "modest" and "unassuming" are about the last two words in the world that I would use to describe his ebullient personality. As I wrote in the "Trade Winds" column of *The Saturday Review* some weeks ago, George was filled with a boundless and astonishing conceit. It was naive and completely unobjectionable, and in most cases it was certainly justifiable, but it was so outstanding a characteristic, that no portrait of him that failed to take it into account could possibly convey the gusty and unique flavor of the man.

"The Story of George Gershwin" is a neatly made book. The chapter headings by Graham Bernbach add much to its attractiveness. A comprehensive list of Gershwin recordings is one of the most rewarding features of Mr. Ewen's work. It should prove particularly useful when a forthcoming motion picture based on the life of George Gershwin will bring an inevitable avalanche of new demands for records of his intoxicating songs and more serious compositions.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 492)

D. WEBSTER:*

REVOLUTION IN GREECE

Our system of government is, throughout, founded on principles utterly hostile to the new code. Does it not become us, then, ... to protest against the asserted power of altering at pleasure the law of the civilized world?

*Speech in the House of Representatives in 1824 on the Revolution in Greece.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE WALL OF EYES *Margaret Millar* (Random House: $2.)	Knifing of blind girl in Toronto home starts detective Sands on tortuous trail of elusive killer.	Heady mixture of society life, underworld plots, abnormal psychology, good detecting, and better writing.	Capital
CATS PROWL AT NIGHT *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Cat-killing occupies time of Bertha Cool—minus Donald Lam—who turns in a rough-hewn and successful performance.	Mrs. Cool is her blustery and parsimonious self. Throughout there's plenty of action, surprise romance angle, and an unexpected finish.	Grade A
TRAGEDY AT LAW *Cyril Hare* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Violent death of much-threatened English judge solved by canny Metropolitan Police officer.	Trappings of law, and legal intrigues, along with well constructed plot give this one distinction.	Good
SOUND OF REVELRY *Octavus Roy Cohen* (Macmillan: $2.)	N. Y. bachelor murdered in pent-house; society girl slain in car; others die. Lieut. Max Gold heads officiating sleuths.	Young dancing teacher, who tells story, and his pretty partner add humor and romance to well-groomed effervescent tale.	Passable
MURDER AT BELLE CAMILLE *Monte Barrett* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Busted levee isolates guests at Louisiana manor and murder occurs. Plantation owner acts as detective.	Background fairly interesting, and voodoo scenes melodramatic, but story creaks and characters are on the wooden side.	Below par

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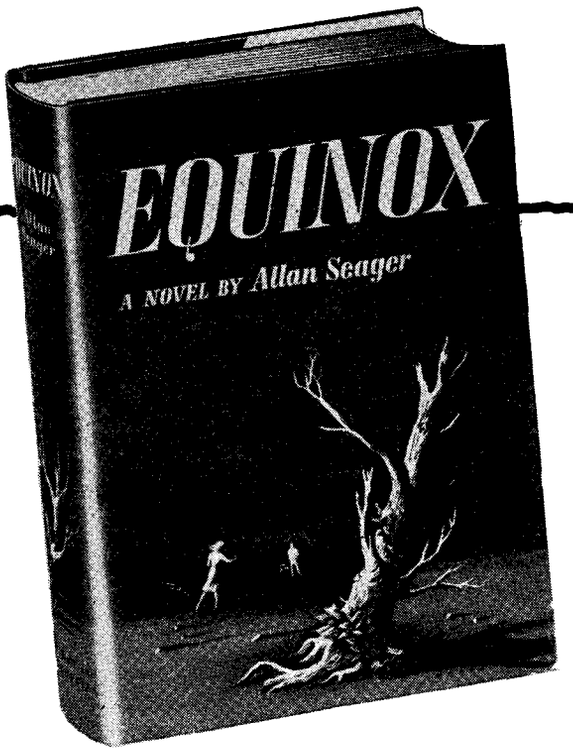

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Mickey Icarus, 1943

Fusing Ideas with the Art of the Animated Cartoon

WALTER WANGER

EVERY once in a while a motion picture flashes across the horizon to prove our industry an instrumentality of human enlightenment. When such a picture is combined with the gamut of entertainment, we have a box office success. Unless we have a picture which appeals to the greatest volume of our people, we frequently lose the purpose for which the production was designed.

This is true regardless of the fact that we like to place art above financial returns.

Yet it is the number of admission tickets sold which ultimately determines the greatness of a film, for in the motion picture we have the foremost of the three great mediums of communication—press and radio are the others—and our aims can be defeated unless we reach and appeal to the masses with our product.

I know that when Walt Disney decided to make the screen version of Major Alexander P. de Seversky's best selling and controversial book, "Victory Through Air Power," he was motivated not by the promise of financial reward but by a sincere desire to place before our people a theory which he believed as firmly as the author. He knew that we are the most air-minded people in the world, because after all the aeroplane is an American creation, developed to its highest stage by American brains and American brawn. Nevertheless, he understood that too few were cognizant of the role that true air power must and will play in the wiping out of our enemies. He felt, as Seversky did, that hundreds of thousands of lives of Americans and Allied boys could be saved by the proper use of air power. Furthermore, the making of such a picture was a challenge to his medium—a medium which I feel is the only one that could bring to the screen the powerful theme of "Victory through Air Power."

The real challenge, however, was not to his medium but came from minds chained to the ground and to the seven seas, who saw our enemies develop air power to the point where it blotted out cities and sent powerful battleships to the bottom of the ocean, yet who stuck to their own hide-bound theories, which never comprehended the striking force of the aeroplane.

They were the minds who broke the heart but never the spirit of General Billy Mitchell. To them Homer Lea, the little hunchback military prophet who thirty-five years ago warned of Japan's perfidy and power, was just a crank.

"To free a nation from error is to enlighten the individual, and only to the degree that the individual will be receptive of truth can a nation be free from that vanity which ends with national ruin."

Lea said that in 1909, and in 1943, despite many obstacles, Disney in "Victory through Air Power" has attempted to bring the truth of our military situation to our people in such a form that all can comprehend it.

You do not have to agree fully with Seversky to appreciate there is soundness in his logic. Millions read his book, and many disagreed with it. Disney has employed the magic of his art to put in picture form the main ideas advanced by Seversky, who from his record has a perfect right to speak as an authority. He has done this with simplicity, yet with such comprehensiveness that a nine-year-old can understand the whole outlook of the world-wide conflict.

He has resorted to new devices, and yes, without Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck, to hold the interest of an audience.

He has opened up an entirely new horizon for the future of the motion picture as a medium of enlightenment. People today are craving information. They want to know what is going on. They yearn to have a share in the direction of things. They are speaking to Washington and their voices have been heard, as Washington well knows.

They have, however, implicit faith in the men who are leading our military forces, yet they want to know that they are using every device to bring about a quick cessation of hostilities and with the minimum shedding of blood.

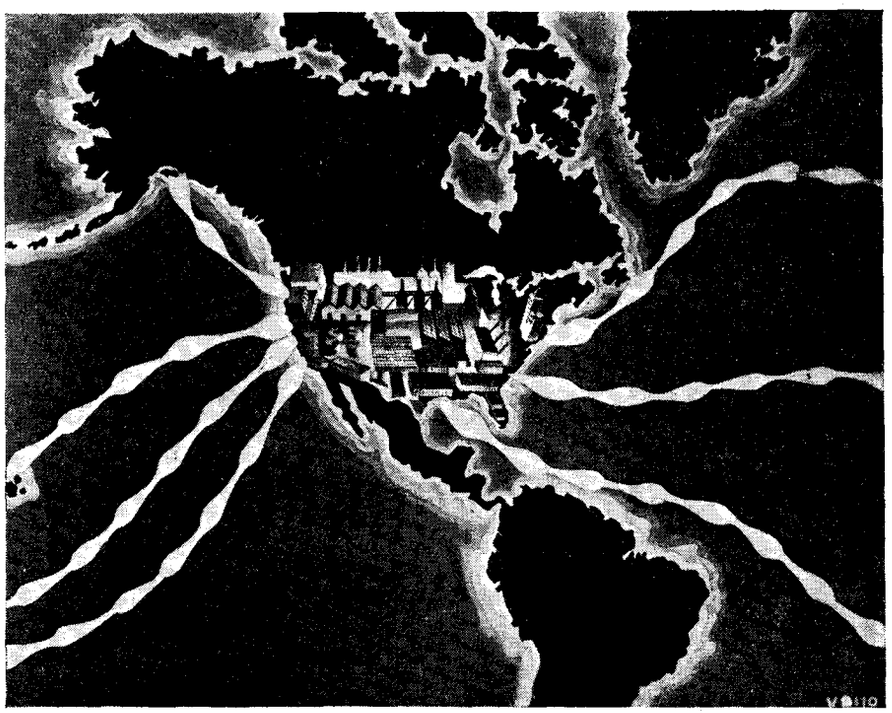
"Victory through Air Power" vividly portrays such a device. It is a plea —like the book—for long range air power. It calls, without kid gloves, for the creation of a separate air command, for an air force not chained to tradition and independent of long sea lines of communication.

It's a cry and a challenge for Americans to build planes that will fly from continental America directly over the heart of its main targets and loosen the tentacles of the beasts by hitting right at their hearts.

Even while "Victory through Air Power" was in the making, such scenes as the blowing up of the Rhine Valley dams—which were filmed eight months before—were being enacted. We saw Panteleria fall, strictly from the power of air blows. We have seen the landing of hundreds of thousands of our troops in Sicily largely because we controlled the air.

It is already prophecy coming true.

Disney has been close to this war. More than ninety percent of the facili-



—From the film.

Disney's conception of democracy's arsenal, with its supply lines rushing out to every corner of the world.

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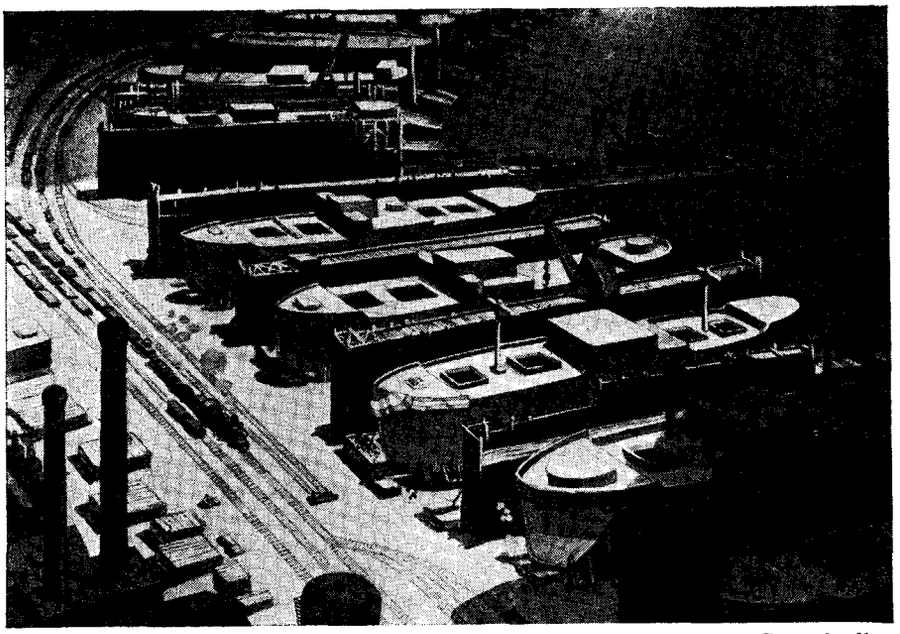

—*From the film.*

As Walt Disney sees the shipyards.

ties of his studio has been devoted—since Pearl Harbor—to the making of films for our armed services and other governmental agencies. These are pictures for the most part which never will be seen by civilian audiences. They are making pictures there which in many instances have helped cut down the training period of our boys as much as forty-five percent. These are of incalculable value in bringing through sight-and-sound fighter tactics, for instance, in which aviators who have been through the mill tell their stories to fledglings.

I have made many trips to the Disney studio since the beginning of war. If every American could visit the studio, he would have a new admiration for his country. There is nothing comparable to it in all the world. More experts, scientists, and technicians operate under Disney's roofs than in any other one organization in the universe. Out of that amazing studio come films on meteorology, on countless forms of technical instruction, on the prevention of malaria, in fact on every subject that might be, and is, useful in time of war.

All such pictures come first at Disney's. Everything is pushed aside when the Government wants a job done in a hurry. I am amazed that such an important contribution to the war effort—and it is that, even though it is an entertainment venture—as "Victory through Air Power," could have been made there. It was a year in the filming. Seversky, who appears in the picture expounding his theories, spent more than eight months working with Disney. It was like keeping the front page of a newspaper fresh in news. New developments were incorporated from time to time, so that the picture is still front page news. Literally, millions of drawings were made, and probably 125,000 were used in the completed version.

We know that people want to be informed today, and information means education. Today, through the film, education can be carried to the entire world—to the remotest village—and a medium like Disney's which every day is turning out pictures in three and four languages—and has made them in as many as ten—is a logical means of carrying out such a mission.

It's only a short cry to the day Mickey Mouse first crept into the lives of countless of millions the world over. Fifteen years, to be exact, I have followed closely the Disney career. Snow White, Fantasia, Bambi, all have led to the development of what Walt likes to refer to as a "medium." Yet that medium is Disney. He enjoys tackling the provocative, and overcoming handicaps. Twenty-seven percent of his trained personnel are in the armed forces, yet there is ten times as much film coming out of the studio each month now as was produced eighteen months ago. In one month in 1943, the studio equalled the output of 1941.

Disney is doing a tremendous job. He has a youthful organization which is tempered by the mature judgment of men who know what war is all about. They saw the last one. There is instilled in all a desire to get the war over—by making their own contribution as thorough as possible.

I think this enthusiasm reflected from Walt down accounts for the spontaneity, the vigor, the engrossing nature of "Victory through Air Power."

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TOMORROW

Special 2nd Anniversary Issue of "The Magazine of the Future"

THE TWO FINE GENTLEMEN

Three chapters, a complete tale, from the forthcoming conclusion to *Joseph and His Brethren.*

THOMAS MANN

WHY INTELLECTUALS ARE TREASONABLE

A scathing criticism of the real preachers of hate.

FRANZ SCHOENBERNER

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A great French philosopher looks constructively at the future of France.

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The First Front

THE HOME FRONT. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 352 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GERALD W. JOHNSON

MR. HINSHAW declares early in his book that "Leadership became and remained the nation's most disturbing problem and greatest source of disunity throughout the war." Mr. Hinshaw is right. He has observed the facts and has drawn a conclusion that is irrefutable. From the dawn of history when a nation is at war leadership becomes and remains its most disturbing problem and greatest source of disunity; and the course of history has not been diverted in the case of the United States and this war.

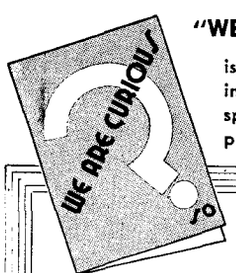
In our case, however, he asserts further that "official indecision, incompetence, and poor organization combined to convince the people that neither the President nor the officials closest to him knew a great deal about how to organize the nation for the war or how effectively to direct its program."

This raises the question, to whom does he refer as "the people?" In November, 1942, a majority of those who went to the ballot box voted the Democrats in again. Their majority was reduced, but they won; and this would seem to indicate that a majority of the voters cannot be "the people." Nor was that confidence shattered by subsequent events; for it was almost immediately demonstrated that the President and those closest to him, long before the election and despite their incompetence as organizers, had managed to organize a brilliantly successful invasion over a distance of 5,000 miles; an invasion that was followed within seven months by the ejection of the enemy from Africa, the dazzling invasion of Sicily, and the fall of one of the dictators.

If nobody in power in this country knew how to organize for war, then what happened to Mussolini?

Yet it is probable that Mr. Hinshaw meant to be fair and thought he was fair. He quotes two pages from a person identified only as "a bright young man," talking at a dinner party in an unnamed city, and revealing an appalling conspiracy on the part of Department of Justice officials to subvert justice and rig the courts. One thinks of Dr. Wirt; yet probably Mr. Hinshaw really thinks that was fair. He is so profoundly convinced that deluded labor and debauched Democrats are sabotaging a country that heroic employers and sanctified Republicans are valiantly striving to save that he accepts uncritically not merely *ex parte* statements, but even mere rumors—"Mr. Biddle reportedly said . . ."; "it was believed by many that . . ." "One chief cause of inexcusable absenteeism is said to be high wages . . ." But he always adds to twenty pages of damning indictment such a statement as that President Roosevelt "is magnificent" in his public addresses, or that the majority of labor is patriotic, and evidently thinks that this redresses the balance.

It is to be doubted that Mr. Hinshaw has contributed anything to a clearer understanding of the home front; but he has produced a magnificent Republican campaign document.



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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
2. "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.
3. Gretel Brinker, in "Hans Brinker," by Mary Mapes Dodge.
4. "Rumpelstilzchen," by the Brothers Gimm.
5. Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare.
6. "Cinderella," by Charles Perrault.
7. Walther von Stolzing, in "Die Meistersinger," by Wagner.
8. "Tony Guessippi, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
9. Diana Devereaux, in "Of Thee I Sing," by George Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind, and Ira Gershwin.
10. "Salome," by Oscar Wilde.

Red and Raw

GIVE US A LITTLE SMILE, BABY. By Harry J. Coleman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1943. 258 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE opening of the twentieth century found Mr. Coleman, a youngster of Poughkeepsie birth, brash persistence, and riotous geniality, occupying a desk in the art department of Hearst's *New York Journal.* He enjoyed the gay, expansive era, sketching street-fights, political conventions, parades, and murder-trials, photographing celebrities from J. P. Morgan to Dr. Mary Walker, fraternizing with such staff-members as John Barrymore, Fred Opper, and Charles Michelson, and dodging the tantrums of the managing editor, Arthur Brisbane. Four years later he was whisked off to San Francisco to supply *The Examiner* with lurid sketches and candid photographs; and there he remained until after the First World War, covering every news event from the earthquake and fire to minor prizefights.

Three-quarters of this rollicking, high-spirited, vulgar, and entertaining book deals with San Francisco, a town just made for a Hearst "artist" who enjoyed seeing life red and raw. Mr. Coleman was ready for anything. He knew (and here describes) the wildest joints of the Barbary Coast. He saw Eugene Schmitz, Abe Ruef, and the other crooked politicians in the days of their power. When the earthquake came he was on the spot with his camera, and he and another intrepid photographer climbed the quivering skeleton of the City Hall to its tower three hundred feet above the streets to snap the devastated city. He saw the new city rise in its glory, and helped see that it kept some of the old gaiety. Arnold Genthe was a companion and Jack London a friend. Sports were always played up in *The Examiner,* and when Tex Rickard first achieved notice as a prizefight-promoter, arranging the great Gans-Nelson match at Goldfield, Nev., in 1906, Coleman spent days in covering the whole affair. A bit later and he was photographing some of the most spectacular events in the history of automobile racing.

It is a lusty, rowdy book, as trivial as it is amusing, but with two elements of value: one the detailed story of the San Francisco disaster by a man whose duties took him into the thick of it, and the other the presentation of the atmosphere of Hearst journalism in its palmiest and most deplorable years.

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The Phoenix Nest

The Cuttle Fish

AH, Cephalopoda
of sepia genus,
dibranchiate mollusk
with body depressed—
ingurgitate sac
with sucker arms waving—
the moving mouth hungry,
the mouth ever avid!

With tentacles twining
and sucker disk dollars
attaching themselves
in permanence adhering
to all things of virtue
as suitable prey. . . .

O shadow of fear
that confuses our waters;
O clever concealment
evading our question!
The herring are spawning,
the cod are a myriad,
the mackerel are hungry,
the salmon is lordly,
the sea is a harvest,
the ocean a battle. . . .
The mind is an ocean,
the heart is an ocean. . . .

The cuttle fish watches
and gloats in the deep.

The hermit crabs scuttle.
They scamper the tide-pools.
The shells and the corals
are sunsets of glory.
The sea-slugs are silent.
The nautilus is pearly
acrawl on the reef;
it pines for the cuttle,
anemones aping
and waving white arms
apparently helpless,
its ancestry ancient,
its lineage fossil.
It thrives and increases.
It hardens its shell. . . .

The squid, like a parrot,
can tear with its beak.
The squid loves the moon.
It swims for it blindly.
It shoals in great numbers
and dies on the shore. . . .

All harbor the ink-sac,
the stygian secretion,
empurpling ejection.
They dwell ever deeper
and grow to gigantic
proportions of menace
and fight in their soundings
the cachalot whales.

The octopus pulses
from greenish to pinkish,
from pink to pale yellow.
Enormous but timid
it apes the chameleon.
It hides under beauty!

The cuttle fish body
is pulp, and its eyes
are horribly staring.
Its mouth is voracious.
It waits, and remembers
the way of the Kraken
that vanquished the Vikings
and crumpled the Dragon
and crunched the long ships.

Thus it and its cousins
destroy in deep fathoms
the warm-blooded whales,
the great loving mammals
that gambol in grandeur
to high strands of heaven
and spout in blown silver
to the glory of God.

The cuttle fish quivers.
It poisons with darkness
the salt-breathing ocean.
Aware of pursuit
it spreads obfuscation,
it blackly bewilders,
ejecting the fluid
of ignorance abysmal.
It dreams of the Dark.

The cowries and conches
and shells that are precious,
pink-lipped or deep orange
or spotted like peacocks,
of wentletrap value,
are wealth of the seas.

The cuttle fish gathers
these round him with ease.

His function is plunder
of all the seas' wonder,
and fear is the price
that we pay for his ease.

The caged and the yellow
and singing canaries
all swing on their perches
and blithely intone,
"While Heaven doth charm us
The Deep cannot harm us.
We sharpen our beaks
On the Cuttle Fish bone!"

The Wind is to West now,
the whole Ocean gathers;
rampageous the waves
in the westerly gale!
The rush of the storm-wave,
the surge of its crest,
where crowns and warped
emblems
and staves bound with axes,
rack, shackle and fetter
and engine of torture
are drowned in the trampling
and thunderous roar—
the shouting of armies,
the shock on the shore!

The huge ocean currents
beyond the prediction
of skill hydrographic,
have gathered and hurled
a tidal returning
of sudden tremendous
new hope for the world.

But deep in his fastness—
for all of that vastness—
far down beyond plummet
that ever was cast,
the cuttle fish welters
adoring thick darkness,
alurk to the last. . . .

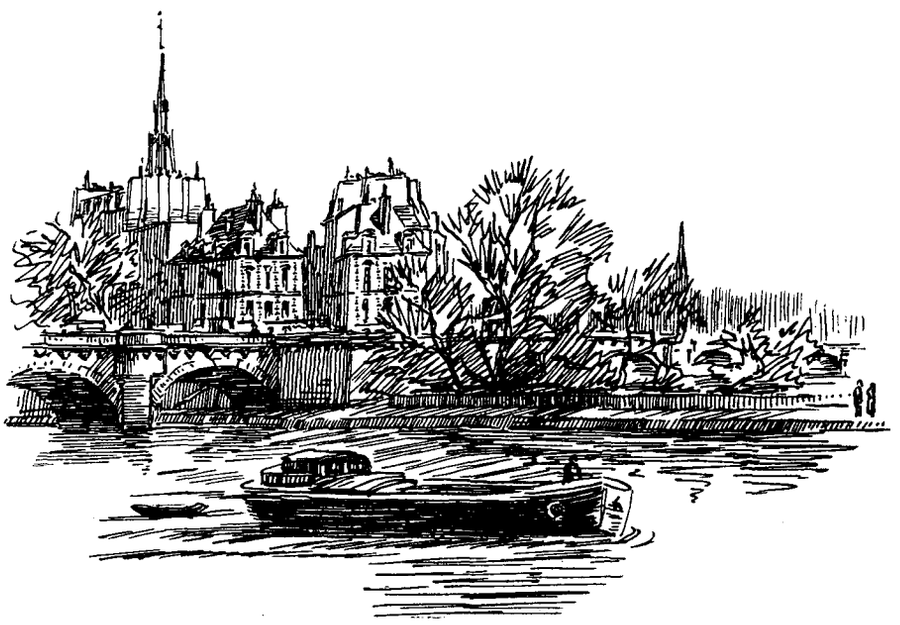
The caged and the yellow
and singing canaries
that flutter on perches
with feathers sea-blown
cheep loud of the glorious
warfare victorious:
"We whet our bright beaks
On the Cuttle Fish bone!"

The herring are spawning,
the mackerel are hungry,
the salmon are lordly,
the minnows are many;
the sea is a harvest,
the ocean a battle. . . .

The mind is an ocean,
the heart is an ocean,
the soul is an ocean
God stirs into tumult. . . .

Then 'ware that dark moving,
that lurking concealment,
till tentacles fasten
with clutch so tenacious
that all of the orient
glory arising
is blackened and blotted
and drowned into darkness,
ingulfed in the avid
deep maw, the voracious
and ravening jelly,
where deep at the centre
beneath life's foundations,
with death and disaster,
confusion, destruction,
and Chaos and Night,
the mouth of the Cuttle Fish
feeds on the World!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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ALAN VALENTINE, President,
University of Rochester

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The Crostics Club

AN unsigned note from Los Angeles tells us that Fred Wright left us about two years ago. A "grand man." And Henry S. Bartholomew from Harbor Beach, Mich., further adds: "He loved to 'chase the lambent syllable over the Alps,' largely for his own amusement, but at times he would undertake a serious investigation. He and H. W. Fowler of Oxford Dictionary fame exchanged many a letter, and by whimsical wheedling and judicious flattery he managed to enlist Attaturk and Mussolini as his assistants when he was trying definitely to place the word 'sardonic' where it belongs." H. S. B. concludes with many an hour of tantalizing enjoyment spent over our *SRL* page.

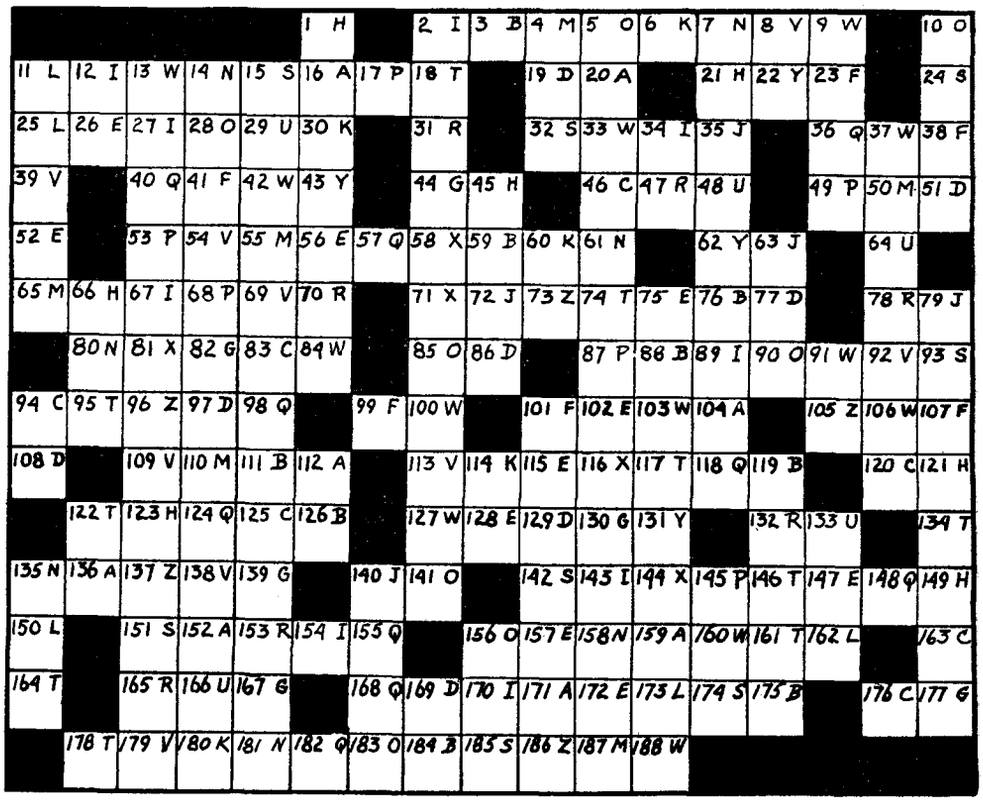
T. R. G., Pasadena, who dubs himself a "most devoted fan," in disgust over No. 489, gives vent to his feelings through F. H. G., partly as follows:

Come, come, now Madame, "hitty-missy"!
Do you want to turn us all quite sissy?
It made me ill to write it in,
Though yours was the original sin.
Where, ever, was there such a word
Written or spoken, seen or heard?

Well, *hit or miss* wouldn't strike you as disgusting, would it? Then why should its adverb, which helps me to use up an excessive number of y's? Similarly, I have in store for you *pretty-pretty*, four t's at one fell stroke, a perfectly good word meaning *namby-pamby!* Once upon a time, no doubt some purist thought *namby-pamby* as silly to use as it sounds!

Will Irwin, writing in June from his convalescence in a Massachusetts seaside resort, tells of a happy chat over DCs with Gelett Burgess before he left the New York hospital, when the latter had dropped in "to hold his hand." Reviewing the growth of his own interest in DCs, calling them happily the "cement of a solemn and great fraternity," he wonders how many romances they may have brought into existence. I am thus reminded of a meeting a year ago with Dr. Mary Crawford, N. Y., who will be remembered as a pioneer in insisting that she be allowed in her medical internship to man an ambulance, a startling demand, according to the newspapers at the time. Through a mutual friend I had learned that Dr. Crawford had something special to communicate to me, and for that purpose I sought her out at the close of a meeting I attended deliberately. She wanted, it seems, to tell me of a wedding that had just occurred and to which I should have been invited; for the groom, left with a copy of a *SRL* when the doctor was called away, succumbed and later—I've forgotten the details—meeting one similarly affected, induced her to share his fate.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 493

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Right to act on one's own responsibility (2 wds.)
B. Greek character, spirit, or civilization.
C. Designating a tune of high pitch (Anc. Gr. Music)
D. Kind of modern Consul of Ancient Greece.
E. To treat roughly or disrespectfully (2 wds.)
F. Territorialism.
G. God of war and pestilence (Babyl. Relig.)
H. A city, scene of the Book of Esther.
I. Derived from sense perception.
J. Friend; crony (An American colonist to an Indian).
K. Fur (of an animal) resembling beaver.
L. Title of sovereign of Abyssinia.
M. Member of Algonquin tribe active in N. E. Indian wars.
N. Lyrical ballad of grief by Poe.
O. To desist suddenly (speaking, etc.—2 wds.)
P. To remain alive altho dying.
Q. Imaginary beings.
R. An elementary mercury capable of producing metals (Alchemy).
S. Most absolute; most perpendicular.
T. Other name for "The Inland Sea" by J. F. Cooper.
U. Bronze or earthen vases in cells under seats for acoustic aid in ancient Gr. theatre.
V. Oppressed or injured in one's rights.
W. To be fully informed (3 wds.)
X. The domain of Lord Ronald's lordship (canto poem by Scott).
Y. Nests for the eggs of spiders, etc.
Z. Minister of Republican France to the U. S.—1793.

WORDS

20 159 104 112 152 171 136 16
3 76 111 119 126 88 59 175 184
163 125 46 83 176 120 94
169 77 19 51 86 97 129 108
172 115 128 147 75 102 26 157 56 52
107 99 41 38 23 101
177 167 139 82 44 130
45 123 66 121 21 1 149
12 67 27 170 89 2 143 34 154
63 35 79 140 72
6 30 60 114 180
11 173 150 25 162
65 50 55 110 4 187
158 14 135 181 7 80 61
85 5 28 183 10 90 156 141
68 87 49 17 145 53
57 40 155 118 36 182 98 148 124 168
70 47 31 132 153 78 165
24 32 15 93 174 185 142 151
178 74 122 161 164 95 146 134 18 117
48 29 166 133 64
179 113 8 109 69 54 92 138 39
103 91 100 127 42 9 37 84 188 13 106 33 160
81 71 144 116 58
43 22 131 62
137 73 186 96 105

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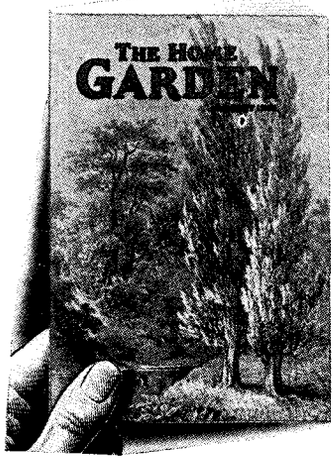

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12. Into the Kitchen
13. Wild Flowers
14. Garden Photography
15. How to Do It
16. Garden Planning
17. Advance News from Test Gardens
18. Fruits
19. What's New?
20. All About a Favorite Flower
21. Special Gardens
22. Trees and Shrubs
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25. Garden Club News
26. The Greenhouse
27. Children's Garden
28. The Amateur Botanist

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3. Every article is written for the amateur gardener's benefit, in simple, understandable language, in brief, interesting style and with special attention to those little details essential to real helpfulness, so often omitted.

4. Emphasis is kept on how to do things and how to know things; on definite information, explanation, and instruction that will meet the real needs of the home gardener.

5. Superior illustrations are used in profusion—both photographs and diagrams. Every one has a definite purpose, to show either what something is, or how something is done.

6. Our Editorial group includes not only experts in all branches of horticulture, but also amateur gardeners who know the amateur's interests and needs first-hand. All material is required to satisfy both.

7. It is our earnest desire to maintain a relationship of friendship and mutual helpfulness between editors and readers. Write us of your interests, your problems, your experiences. Tell us how we can make "The Home Garden" most interesting and helpful to you. Our whole idea is to give you, as nearly as possible, just the kind of garden magazine you want.

A Supremely Practical Garden Guide

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN is only one of 28 regular departments carried in every issue. But we have, of course, been giving special attention to vegetables because of the importance of food production. In the last six issues we have published forty articles on vegetable gardening and fruit growing—an average of nearly seven to the issue. Home garden food production will continue to be urgently needed—not only for the duration of the war but for years afterward. Your Victory Garden not only is a valuable contribution to our war effort but also it will save you from many deprivations that otherwise would be inevitable.

"The Home Garden" is offering, we believe, more information on this subject, and in more useful form, than any other magazine. Yet we are not overlooking any of your other garden interests.

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Two Charts of Pests and Diseases and Their Control have already been published in "The Home Garden" covering Vegetables & Flowers. Two more are in preparation dealing with Fruits and Berries and with House Plants. Like the first ones, they will be published in the magazine and made available in reprint form. Other tables will be presented frequently.

Prepared by This Unprecedented

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